



MID-WEST FREE PRESS



VOL II, NO. 44

Muscatine, Iowa, Thursday, November 3, 1932

5c PER COPY

LITERARY DIGEST'S 1932 POLL GIVES ROOSEVELT 41 STATES

FLETCHER, TURNER ARE NOT FRIENDS OF CHIROPRACTIC

Association Head Fails
To Delude Fellow
Chiropractors

That Dr. Jerry Bruner, president of the Chiropractors Association of Iowa, is one of those busily engaged in peddling the misinformation and innuendoes being sponsored and financed by the Fletcher-Turner machine through daily papers, circular letters and paid workers, who are resorting to every known political trick to re-elect Governor Dan Turner and Attorney General John Fletcher, is proven beyond all doubt by a copy of a circular letter received at the Free Press office.

The letter, written by Dr. Bruner and sent to every chiropractor in Iowa, is a clear attempt to coerce them into voting for Fletcher and Turner on the grounds that "These men are our friends. Not because they favor us but because they never fail to stand right up on their hind legs

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PROHIBITION BIG FACTOR IN VOTE

Question Dropped As An
Issue But It Will
Not Down

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Although prohibition as an issue has virtually been effaced from the presidential election because both parties are standing for repeal in only slightly differing degrees, there is abundant evidence that it will be a far from negligible factor in determining the result of the balloting next Tuesday.

In the wringing wet cities the Democratic party's advocacy of unqualified repeal of the eighteenth amendment and immediate restoration of beer, if not light wines also, is inuring to the benefit of Roosevelt.

Such is the tendency of extreme wet Republicans to vote the Democratic ticket that in practically every wet constituency Republican candidates for senator and representative in congress have gone beyond the Republican declaration and endorsed the Democratic stand for repeal and for beer at once.

The extreme dries everywhere, who are mostly Republicans, are so angered at the desertion of their cause by the President that they will either bolt Hoover and vote the Prohibition party ticket or remain away from the polls altogether.

The (politically dry and erst-

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The Fable Of The Iowa Cow

Once upon a time there lived in Iowa a TRIPL GREAT man. He was a Merchant, Politician and REMOTE CONTROL mer. (One who lives in the city and works a couple of HOURS on his te to get a LITTLE DIRT under his FINGER nails so he can qualify a REAL DIRT farmer.) This man had OODLES of the ROOT of all IL, some of which he MADE from the LABOR and SWEAT of the BRO of REAL dirt farmers but the majority of which was DROPPED into his LAP through INHERITANCE.

With a few LICKS and PROMISES and a little HEATED ATMOSPHERE this man succeeded in becoming Governor of Iowa. Because of his DICTATORIAL manner and through the ADVICE of his FRIEND Johnny, this man had MUCH STRIFE, trying to do THIS and THAT against the will of the MAJORITY.

One day a group of farmers PETITIONED this CHIEF MOGUL to permit them to select their own HOME TOWN veterinarians for the testing of their cows. THEY told the chief MOGUL that they had NO CONFIDENCE in the STATE testers, or at least not as much as they had in their HOME Boys. They said their HOME boys had gone to the same school as the STATE boys and that in fact the HOME boys belonged to the same FRATERNITY as the COMMONWEALTH boys. They also POINTED out that they were WILLING to pay the home boys their FEE and that in this WAY the state could be SAVED much expense in testing about 500 COWS.

"No, the law MUST be ENFORCED," shouted the chief MOGUL.

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SWANSON ACCUSED OF TAX "FIXING"

Leader Of "Secret Six"
Claims Prosecutor
Pledges Aid

CHICAGO, Ill. — Renewing his attack on State's Attorney Swanson Col. Robert Isham Randolph, head of the "Secret Six" of the Association of Commerce, charged Wednesday before Chief Justice Prystalski that at least \$650 a week in bribes was paid for "fixing" tax cases through the office in charge of the state's attorney's brother.

Col. Randolph made the further accusation that Swanson had pledged co-operation in trying to "get off" a tax fixer associated in the racket, who has since been convicted but who has never been sent to jail.

Justice Prystalski assented to Col. Randolph's demand that his information be a subject of official cognizance by the grand jury, and the judge stated that he would call the y before him this morning i e presence of Col. Randolph and charge it to investigate.

Coming on the heels of recent charges by Col. Randolph that secret records could be removed from Swanson's office on payment of \$100, and that heavy campaign contributions were obtained for

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Mr. Thomas Cannot Vote Next Tuesday; Failed To Register

NEW YORK — The leading minor party candidate for President, Norman Thomas, Socialist, will not be entitled to vote on election day because of his failure to register, it was learned Wednesday. At Mr. Thomas' headquarters, it was explained that Mr. Thomas was in the midst of his trans-continental speaking tour during registration week and that both considerations of the cost of a special trip back to New York and of the time that would be lost from his campaign, prevented his return here for the special purpose of registering.

FORGOTTEN FUNDS FOUND BY IONIA

IONIA, Mich. — City officials here were delighted Wednesday at the discovery of two \$10,000 certificates of deposit which had lain forgotten in the city treasury since 1924. They were found by City Attorney Glenn D. Mathews in dust covered files in the vaults of the city hall.

The officials hitherto had been wondering what to do about a \$19,000 deficit in the local relief fund. The poor of Ionia are now assured support through the winter.

"SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE FREE PRESS"

DEFICIT MOUNTS TO 630 MILLIONS

200 Millions Added To
Treasury Deficit
In Last Month

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Another 200 millions was added to the 1933 treasury deficit during the last month, bringing the total excess of expenditures over receipts for the first third of the current fiscal year up to 630 million dollars, in round numbers. The gross national debt also showed a 200 million dollar increase over the last month, climbing to 20 billion, 813 million dollars, a three and a half billion dollar increase during the last twelve months.

At the present rate of accretion as shown by Wednesday's treasury statement covering the first four months of the year, the gross deficit will be well above a billion dollars. Increased tax receipts after the first of the year, when the final sections of the billion dollar tax bill go into effect, are counted on by the treasury somewhat to slow up the rate at which Uncle Sam is going into the red.

On the encouraging side of the ledger in Wednesday's statement were figures showing that collections from miscellaneous taxes are continuing to increase each month. Income tax collections were only about 60 per cent what

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FIGURES PRESAGE GREAT ROOSEVELT VICTORY TUESDAY

Iowa Among States Which
Give Roosevelt 474
Electoral Votes

Franklin Roosevelt, 1,715,789;
Herbert Hoover, 1,150,389.

That's the final report from all over the United States in the Literary Digest Presidential poll of 1932 and unless all signs fail, unless some unexpected, eleventh-hour condition arises to reverse the nation-wide trend disclosed by these figures, the complete poll will be interpreted by practical men and women of all parties as a presage of a great Roosevelt victory.

All records for magnitude of Presidential straw votes were broken by the grand total of more than three million ballots marked and sent in to the Literary Digest.

Roosevelt's percentage of the grand total vote was 55.99 as compared with 37.53 for Hoover. The Norman Thomas vote was 148,079, which comes to 4.84 per cent.

Reckoning the Roosevelt domi-

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"FIGHTING BOB" SHULER IN RACE

Preacher Turns Contest
For Senate Into
Battle Royal

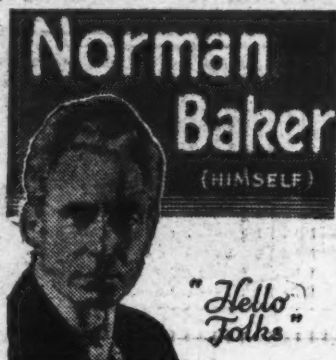
LOS ANGELES, Cal. — The Rev. Robert Pierce (Fighting Bob) Shuler, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, South, in Los Angeles, and at present the most roaring, rampaging and redundant influence in California politics, has been making a long-wolf fight for the United States senatorship against William Gibbs McAdoo, veteran Democratic senator, and Tallant Tubbs, wet champion and Republican nominee. He has both of the latter panting and limping into the stretch as the hour for balloting nears.

Nothing exactly like Shuler's clamorous drive for the post now held by Senator Sam Shorridge, Republican lame duck, has even taken place before in California.

Born in a Grayson county, Va., log cabin, this son of a preacher, himself became a preacher at a youthful age. He held a succession of small and primitive charges in the Cumberland Gap region, and then moved to Texas where Young Shuler's pulpit was not quite big enough to satisfy his desire for quick and decisive results in the arena of political turnover.

He first hopped into action to help retire Senator Joe Bailey. With this and other gusty devia-

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FLETCHER, TURNER ARE NOT FRIENDS OF CHIROPRACTIC

Association Head Fails To Delude Fellow Chiropractors

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and fight for the right. That always helps Chiropractic." Dr. Bruner's letter, however, will not influence his fellow chiropractors to follow his false leadership and labor under the delusion that Fletcher or Turner are friendly to their cause, have helped them or will help them in any way. The reaction of the rank and file of the Iowa Chiropractic profession is well expressed in the following reply sent to Dr. Bruner by Dr. J. W. Delk of Marshalltown, Iowa:

"R. J. Bruner, Chiropractor, '903 Grand View Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

"Dear Doctor and Comrade: Your form letter dated the 26th inst., rec'd. and noted.

"I am surprised at your interest in the election of the two men mentioned, but as everything is excused by reason of the 'depression,' I presume you also have an alibi.

"You and I knew Dan Turner when he was a member of 'K' Co. of the 51st Ia. Vol. Inf. in 1898-99. As I remember we considered him a 'square shooter' and in his former campaign we, and the larger majority of the service men, were for him. Are the service men for him now? I'll say they are not. Why? Because he and Atty. Gen. John Fletcher, and the machine they represent, have failed the service men on every promise they made prior to election.

"They know that his appointees to the Board of Control of Public Institutions are illegal, and that he has not taken steps to correct that; also that he and the Board of Control reappointed, to the administration of a public institution, a man who has been proven a perjurer and who has caused others to perjure themselves to further his selfish interests. And who is guilty of countenancing graft and irregular practices at the expense of the taxpayers.

Double-Crossed By Turner
"That Dan Turner double-crossed his comrades who had submitted proof, beyond question of a doubt, of the facts above set forth.

"The Chiropractors should know that Dan Turner and Atty. Gen. John Fletcher insulted their profession when they endorsed the persecution of one licensed chiropractor who was relieving human suffering in a State Institution, without charge or hope remuneration, and compelled him to desist and leave the institution; also the people he had been caring for were told that if they went to him, even called on him socially, they would be expelled from the institution.

"Therefore every chiropractor should be interested in correcting such flagrant, wasteful and pernicious practices, encouraged by the men whom the public trusts to safeguard their interests, and prove to his friends and patients that he has at heart a desire for their greatest welfare.

Disgrace To Profession
"It is a disgrace to our noble profession that we should be requested to endorse such men for public office. The honest chiropractor knows, by reason of their past record, that they would double-cross him, and the members of his profession, at the first opportunity and that this appeal is only a 'sop' to pull the wool over his eyes.

"Any time you wish to see the proof of the allegations herein contained, call on me as I have them in my possession.

"I gave Dan every opportunity to correct these things, but he was too spineless, or 'crooked' to even make an attempt.

"I trust you will understand that there is nothing personal as between you and me so far as I am concerned.

"With kindest regards, I am, Respectfully,
"J. W. Delk, D.C.,
"Marshalltown, Ia."

ALL OVER—by the time I can write to you folks again in these columns the election will be a thing of the past—and I wish to say this—the fact that I could not leave my work here at this station—also a trip I have to make before this reaches you—prohibits me from making a personal campaign in Iowa—as I originally planned—therefor naturally I have no hopes of being elected Governor of Iowa—I have even offered to withdraw my name in favor of others; but party leaders and others suggested not to—if elected, my two year administration will be a shining example for every governor in the United States—and I will do the job right—it will cost me over \$500,000 loss in two years by taking me away from my own business—the managing and operating of a large station like this is no easy job—it's a gigantic task—I never want to have to build another in a foreign country—however—I may do so as I am determined to spread the truth of my work to the world, and as newspapers suppress anything from my lips—it forces me to build my own mouthpiece—if you think it a small job—just try it—it would take a book three inches thick to tell you all the things I have run up against from a Mexican laborer saying "yes I understand" and going about a job only to find after it is done that he did it backwards—this morning they started roofing the second story of our radio building—I bought two colors of paper—green and black—the green for top story where it shows to the public—black for the lower housed-in roofs that are not seen—when I got to the station this morning they had the black on the second story started and we had to tear off three rolls—it's nice if you don't weaken—you shout to a fellow to bring a hammer and two chisels and one man comes with the hammer and another with the two chisels—lay a hammer down five minutes and it is stolen—no one knows where it went—boy, it's great fun—so you see folks—if elected I will give you my best—no half way things with me—and that means 90 per cent of my time in the governor's chair—consequently no tears shed if defeated terribly—no matter how much one works for the public good—there is no use expecting a remembrance of it for votes—one just has to be there and tell them about it—so easy to forget things past accomplished—BUT if you folks do say—I'll vote for Norman Baker even if he did not get here for a personal campaign—you will never regret it—if Turner or Hoover are elected then as sure as you are a foot high—you will not have prosperity—and you remember what I tell you—this will be a hard old winter then—but the public likes to be humbugged—hit them once and they want it again, so Hoover is a good hitter—on all fours for Morgan and Wall Street—and Turner a good follower—with Fletcher running on all six for the financial interests with the farmers, laborers and general public—get mine is the motto of some of those boys in Des Moines and they are getting it—and have got it for 48 years past—if you let them get it for two more years then don't "belly-ache" if they get their hands in your pocket or take your last dime in taxes, etc.—I never had much faith in the story about George Washington and the cherry tree but he said a whole mouth full when he said—"Real patriots who may resist the intrigue of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of

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The Fable Of The Iowa Cow

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"But," replied the farmers, who would not be IMPRESSED nor AWED by the GREAT MAN, "we don't object to the testing, but we WANT doctors in WHOM we have CONFIDENCE."

"EMPHATICALLY, NO!" shouted the GUV, "YOU'LL SUBMIT to my way."

The farmers returned to their homes. Skirmish followed skirmish, but they were all of words, JUST WORDS.

One day the GREAT MAN called in his BOOZUM companion and asked, "WHAT'LL I DO, Johnny? They apparently don't want our state boys to do the TESTING."

"Leave it to me, Danny," replied Johnny. "I've always STEERED you right. I'll send MY BOYS down. They'll take care of the SISHIASHION. They'll COW these farmers."

Johnny's boys arrived in Cedar County equipped as if for the PHEASANT season. They saw some COWS and some farmers in a field. They started in to surround the cows. But someone turned the BULL in to the field. Now you see the farmers weren't afraid of this bull or in fact ANYONE'S BULL. So they stayed in the field. But the boys that Johnny sent down had received their COWBOY experience outside DRUG STORES and they fled crying for HELP.

Danny heard the CRY for HELP and learned that even FARMERS won't take DICTATION. He decided the SISHIATION was out of control. So he aroused Johnny from a deep sleep and dreams, the while he was dreaming that he was TARZAN of the APES and was playing hide and SEEK with a HERD of ELEPHANTS.

"What'll I do now, Johnny?" asked Danny. "Your boys have FAILED." "Send your boys, then," advised Johnny.

"That's right, I am the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. The Marines have landed elsewhere but MY BOYS are on DECK," Danny said. "Your boys failed, I'll send mine."

"Turn out the guard," he yelled. "Turn them out where?" asked Johnny, who wasn't quite UP on such English. When he wanted his boys to go anywhere he merely said, "You BLOKES get out of Here and GET WHAT I WANT you to Get or you will GIT OUT."

Little Dan Turner

To the Farmers sed "Dern Yer, Bossie must be Tested or Die. If you won't take my Dictation, I'll call Soldiers of State and Nation. My, what a Brave Guy am I."

"Turn out the guard," cried the MOGUL, ignoring Johnny for the first time in his life. "I'll show them THAR farmers they'll have to take MY DICTATION whether they LIKE it or LUMP it."

Then the QUALITY for which he was NOTED displayed itself, and he began to DICTATE to THIS ONE and then to THAT ONE.

When the sun arose the next morning over the peaceful farm homes in Cedar County, where the fields, and the flowers and the growing grain all bore mute testimony that IOWA IS a PARADISE, where EVEN the COWS are GENTLE and CONTENTED, yes when the sun arose on this peaceful IOWA county, OLD SOL beheld a soldier for almost every farm in the county.

"SQUADS EAST and squads WEST," were commands heard for the first time on these farms. The GUBERNATORIAL HIPPODROME ATTRACTION was under way. The cows were gathered into the barnyards and one INJECTION after another was the order of the day, with the STATE boys doing the jabbing.

Thus began the BIG CATTLE WAR of IOWA. THUS started the BIG INJECTION. Cow after cow was given a SHOT IN THE HIP.

After many days the guard boys began to wonder if they could get out of the barnyards and home before JULY 4th, as they wanted to engage in PYROTECHNICS and there wasn't any excitement on the farms.

Cow after cow was injected until all had been SHOT. Then the COST WAS COUNTED and it was found that the guard boys had been COMPELLED to participate in the biggest injection Iowa has ever had—the \$200,000 INJECTION.

Iowa once more began to settle down into peaceful ways, but inaction was something the MOGUL could not stand. He went about with a CHIP on his SHOULDER. Those who WOULD NOT take DICTATION were cast aside. And there was turmoil in the land once more.

But, today there is sadness and recrimination in the vicinity of the BIG SHOT'S home. He begins to realize that the same sun that arose over the peaceful farms in the state at the dawn of his political career is beginning to SET.

MORAL: Cows may be tested by FORCE, but the GREATEST TEST of man is the use he makes of POWER AND AUTHORITY. Use your vote on Nov. 8 to make DAN TURNER AN EX-GOVERNOR.

FIGURES PRESAGE GREAT ROOSEVELT VICTORY TUESDAY

Iowa Among States Which Give Roosevelt 474 Electoral Votes

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nance in States, the Literary Digest poll figures amount to forty-one against Hoover's seven. The Electoral vote totals are Roosevelt, 474; Hoover 57.

Iowa is among the 41 states that gave Roosevelt a big lead, voting 32,956 for the Democratic nominee against 23,372 for Hoover.

Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont are the only seven states in Hoover's column in the Literary Digest poll.

PROHIBITION BIG FACTOR IN VOTE

Question Dropped As An Issue But It Will Not Down

(Continued from page one)

while) solid south, which four years ago spurned Al Smith, professedly not because he was a Roman Catholic but because he was a wet (though he was no wetter then than Hoover is now), is unanimously for Roosevelt despite his advocacy of unqualified repeal.

Roosevelt indorsed repeal in his acceptance speech, discussed the issue at length in opening his campaign at Sea Girt, N. J., and touched on it again at Baltimore. At Baltimore he said he favored the immediate legalization of beer, which he calculated would "divert 300 million dollars or more from the pockets of the racketeers to the treasury of the United States."

Many Republican wets are supporting Roosevelt because of assurances that if the governor is elected he will call the new congress into extraordinary session immediately after March 4 to carry out his program and that a repeal amendment will then be voted if such action shall not have been taken at the forthcoming winter session.

If Mr. Hoover is re-elected there presumably will be no extra session, and if the dries succeeded in preventing action on repeal and on beer at the winter session the entire question would be put off till December, 1933.

Whatever the outcome of the presidential election, it is already apparent that the next congress will be Democratic and overwhelmingly wet in either the Republican or the Democratic degree.

A. Mitchell Palmer, who was attorney general in the last two years of the Wilson regime, has prepared a brief outlining procedure whereby congress, by prescribing the details of ratification by conventions, may bring about the end of national prohibition within the year 1933. Incidentally be estimated that, what with the revenue derived from liquor taxes and the elimination of the cost of enforcement, the government would be the gainer to the extent of two billions of dollars a year.

SIGNS IN NEW ENGLAND

All signs that display things in facsimile or in miniature are rapidly becoming extinct in New England towns and villages. Half a century ago a highly gilded mortar and pestle hung outside nearly every well-regulated drug store. A big gold tooth proclaimed the proximity of the dentist's office. An enormous watch of black and gold swung above the jeweler's doorway. The cobbler announced his specialties in white letters on the side of a giant wooden boot. Wooden Indians with raised hatchets stood guard for the tobacconist.

FIGHT ON STOCK TIPSTERS OPENED

**Securities Commissioners
Adopt New Code Of
Ethics Now**

Silver-tongued salesmen of questionable stock, whether they function over long distance telephones or by unctuous personal call, are being set upon by the National Association of Securities Commissioners, an organization of state authorities.

Aiming particularly at stock tipsters, those who "have been confidentially informed of a good thing and I want to tell you about it," the association proposes to crush them under the weight of rigid rules that would bar not only the tipsters but also the stocks they try to boost.

The association's plans are set forth in a code of ethics unanimously adopted at the annual convention in Cincinnati, O. The code is to be offered to stock exchanges and brokers throughout the country. It affects the more flagrant devices and sets up general standards.

Rupert F. Bippus, Illinois security commissioner and chairman of the committee that drafted the code, said "tipsters" especially are attacked because they form "the greatest and most far-reaching menace to the investing public."

The code forbids the offering of advice without solicitation, the use of long distance telephone calls in canvassing, and the encouraging of a customer to trade beyond his immediate resources.

Steel flooring for office buildings has been invented that is corrugated on the under side to serve as conduits for electric wiring.

What's In A Name?

Dr. H. A. Toothacre is a dentist for the Burlington schools.—Suggested by Willis Blair, Burlington, Ia.

Constance I. Tickell does her giggling in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A chiropractor at St. Louis is a Bender.

Roy Drybread works at the Hurt Bakery at Boulder, Colo.

Dr. F. M. Hole drills 'em as a dentist at Ridgely, Ill.

UNITED STATES HAS A "HITLER"

Commander of a growing army of "Khaki Shirts," who have established headquarters in Chicago, is a 35-year-old would-be American Mussolini, Art J. Smith. Black-haired, quick-tongued and quick-fisted, at 35 he has fought in many wars and under many flags.

He is formerly of the United States cavalry, the infantry, the national guard of Missouri, the marine corps, Villa's insurgents, and the B. E. F.

Smith, who says his men will be organized in every state of the union soon, predicts triumph for his khaki-shirted legions and "a new deal" for the unemployed.

"We're a political outfit," he explained, "and we don't care who knows it. We take any man over 18 whether he's an ex-soldier or not. We've got auxiliaries for the women and a junior order for the boys. We've got 3,000,000 members and we'll have a lot more."

Smith, who ran away to join the cavalry when he was 14 and who climaxed his adventures by leading a Kansas City (Mo.) regiment toward Washington during the bonus crusade, said he got the idea for his "Khaki Shirts" from Mussolini and Hitler.

FINANCE WORRY LEAGUE MEMBERS

**Only 64 Per Cent Of '32
Membership Dues
Paid To Date**

Only 65 per cent of the membership dues for 1932 in the League of Nations has been received, and unless the members pay up by the end of the year the league's employees may go unpaid and the work of the league may be considerably restricted.

It takes \$6,000,000 a year to run the machinery of the league, each member paying a pro rata share according to population, territory, industry, and other factors.

For the last eight years China and Peru have not paid a cent to the league treasury, China owing nearly \$2,000,000. This year 25 out of the 55 members are in arrears, the list including China, a good share of the Central and South American members, Ireland, Poland, Hungary, and Jugoslavia. Canada has paid only part of her dues and owes \$55,000.

It takes money to make the organization's wheels go around. The assembly costs about \$2,000 a day when in session. Experts coming to Geneva for hearings are granted first class traveling expenses and \$14 a day for hotel charges. The international labor office employs 1,000 persons. The total cost of the secretariat of the league is about \$3,000,000 a year. The secretary-general, Sir Eric Drummond, gets \$37,500, and the four under-secretaries draw \$2,000 each.

There still remains the cost of building the huge new office building of the league on the heights above Lake Geneva, for which a building fund of \$4,000,000 has been set aside.

EXPERT WATCH REPAIR at New Low Prices

Men's Pocket Watches Cleaned	-----\$1.00
Railroad Watches Cleaned	-----\$1.50
Ladies' Wrist Watches Cleaned	-----\$2.00
All Main Springs	-----\$1.00
Men's Strap Watches Cleaned	-----\$1.50
Watch Crystals fitted, any size, regular and fancy shapes	-----25c to 50c

J. D. BALLOU
315 East Second St.

Song Urges Norman Baker's Election As Iowa Governor

Dear Mr. Baker:

I am sending you a song. We have made it up and sing it to the tune of "The Wreck Of The Old '97".

Hoping to hear from you as our next governor, I am,

Elbert Tripp,
Danville, Ia.

NORMAN BAKER

It is growing near election day in this November,
Who are you going to vote for?

Let's give three cheers for Norman Baker,
For the Governor of Iowa.

He's an honest man and we know we can trust him,
For the state he will not bust,
By burdening the farmers with heavy taxes
And favoring the trust.

He has fought the fight for the common people,
Which means you and me,
He has proven to the world that Cancer is
Curable at Muscatine.

Let's all pray to God to help Norman Baker,
With his station in Mexico,
To tell this world of the medical trust,
And the things that we ought to know.

If we elect Norman Baker for our governor,
The veterinarians then will wail,
For they will not test our cows for T. B.
By raising old bossy's tail.

If we elect Norman Baker for governor of Iowa,
He'll not be as Turner's been,
For when he goes to call on the farmer,
No militia will follow him.

Let us give three cheers for Norman Baker,
As the governor of our state,
Let's elect him in to build up the government
Before it is too late.

He's an honest man and we know we can trust hi
For the state he will not bust,
By burdening the farmers with heavy taxes
And favoring the trust.

Norman Baker

OF K-TNT



THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Clean the State--TAX-FREE HOMES--his motto.

Norman Baker's platform is best told in his own words: "If I am elected Governor, I will thoroughly clean out all graft, corruption, needless employes and kick out every padded payroller."

"I will work to eliminate every useless Commission, many of which exist at State's expense for 'political stool-pigeons.' I will demand 100 per cent business systems and economy in every department, thus saving enough to make Iowa Homes TAX-FREE."

"I will go into office without the promise of one job to any politician, no strings tied to me, and guarantee Iowan's that no Clique, Organization, Wall Street Bankers or other selfish groups will dominate or control me. I will assume responsibility for my own actions and not 'PASS THE BUCK.'"

"I will lead the Farmers to victory by the Baker Plan, and correct our rotten Banking Laws that have caused loss of millions to depositors."

"It's a big job—if elected you will get my best—if defeated, no tears shed. Help me by electing the full Farmer-Labor ticket.—BAKER FOR GOVERNOR CLUB."

Iowa's Fearless Leader

He fights like a Lion. The Fletcher, Turner and Medical gangs tried to brand him as a CANCER fake and quack, but he proved his cures in Courts. His arrest was caused to ruin his reputation and defeat him for Governor. He fought them single handed, and stands UNDEFEATED in his fight for truth, humanity and JUSTICE.

FARMER-LABOR TICKET--Vote it straight-kick the gang

GOVERNOR

Norman Baker's Column

(Continued from page Two)

the people, to surrender their interests." This seems to exactly fit the present situation.

WHY DO I fight them?—here is an example of their murdering of kiddies—without recourse—their damnable organization as a rule permits them to beat anyone in court with their money and "experts" who will testify that black is white for a small fee—Read and weep like the mother and father of this child surely did—"Chicago — A 19-day fight to save the life of 11-year-old Robert Sandstedt, Jr., in whose right lung a bit of a pair of surgical scissors was embedded, ended in failure. The child died Sunday of pneumonia. The piece of scissors fastened itself in the boy's lung after an operation for removal of his tonsils. The operating physician said the piece broke off during the operation because of defective steel."—If you or I killed a person we would get the pen for life—or hung—these kind of Allopaths can murder by wholesale and go free—yes—I am "against" such—and they murder hundreds of thousands each year with their operations, radium and X-rays on cancer patients while the **BAKER HOSPITAL CURES MANY OF THEM**—that's the difference and that's why Gerald Blake, their "puppet," is trying to fail me—he knows my treatments cure cancer and fights to keep the poor Iowa sufferers from living—works to force them to the grave by the M. D.'s whom he serves—at that though—the medical board of Iowa says—**IOWA CANCER DEATHS ARE ON THE DECREASE**—hurrah for the Baker Hospital and the Baker Treatment—because what else could have lowered the rate but us?—they will try, I presume, to say it came from "Seeing your doctor first" but what has their doctors to offer you if you do go first when you see a bump—nothing but murderous operations, radium and X-rays—I defy them to show one cured case or give the name and address to the public — they **CAN'T DO IT**.

354 MILLIONS—in Postal Savings Banks — some people know where a safe place is for money in times of tottering banks Sammy would raise the limit for postal savings and permit issuing of checks on savings account—there would be few banks left—the public would save **BILLIONS IN INTEREST**—it should be increased and made more flexible—Morgan will not permit it, however—the Farmer-Labor platform includes that very thing—vote the **FARMER-LABOR TICKET ON NOVEMBER 8**—you surely have had enough of the other parties—government statistics say this is the largest amount ever placed in Postal savings banks.

SUICIDE—the United States Daily reports the government statistics from Mental Hygiene department says it is growing—certainly—you cannot stamp the people down into the mire—throw them into depression—starve them—and expect them to go out in the back yard and lay down to die—give them work—give them a chance to earn money—so they can pay for health, and eat—then they become cheerful and do not think of the end of the rope thrown over some rafter—Hoover should take note—his "prosperity" has caused lots of such deaths—one woman writes me today from northern Texas saying "This Hoover thing has cost me two million"—she then wanted to "sell me her home for \$35,000—cost \$150,000—there are others rich and poor that will never forget Hoover just as the people of Iowa who have been taxed to death by Turner's gang will never forget them—but some will be foolish enough to vote for that gang again—I hope their number is in the minority—that the Democratic or Independent candidates for governor and attorney general will be elected and kick Turner and Fletcher out.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

The Civic Reform Committee, peeved because Mayor Bobby Kingston will not approve of a duck pond, seeks to have the Governor remove him from office on the grounds that he is incompetent, inefficient and stupid. The Mayor is not disturbed in the slightest degree. He goes on with his daily round of broadcasts, unrollings and social events. He does, however, omit a Board of Estimate meeting on the theory that his accusers would think he was weakening if he were regular in his attendance. Instead, he attends a "Follies" rehearsal and makes sure that all the fire regulations are obeyed.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

As the Mayor watched the rehearsal, he noted one specialty missing. "Say Larry, you haven't cut out that cute number Miss Dawn does in the first act, have you?"

The specialty had been cut, much to the dislike of Miss Dawn, but, as the Mayor liked it, Sigmund had it replaced and at the same time introduced her to Bobby.

"I never met a mayor before. How are you?" She asked.

"Right this moment, I'm very happy. I enjoyed that specialty of yours immensely last night. I had a feeling that if I were doing the dance, I'd do it a little differently. Take this step," he executed it as he spoke and demonstrated the change. "Why don't you try it this way?"

"Do it again, I'll try to keep up with you," she declared and they went into an extemporaneous rehearsal with the Mayor directing.

"Would it be working too fast

so he launched into an argument. "Now listen, Bobby. Crandall's crowd thinks the city ought to have one."

"Hymie, be practical. We don't need a duck pond, and you know it. I'll stand for anything in reason — a playground? — Swell! Schools! Jails! Hospitals! Even a Zoo, yes, but a duck pond!"

Hymie made a feeble comeback. "It's all part of a campaign to make us 'The City Beautiful.'"

"Throwing me out of office must be part of the same campaign."

"If you O. K. the duck pond they might lay off our necks."

Bobby became impatient. "I'll okay your commitment to jail if you don't get off my neck! Forget I'm Mayor just for tonight."

Riley entered with the information that the gang had arrived and the Mayor heaved a sigh of relief. He went out to greet his guests.

"Welcome, Doree, if I may call you by your first name."

"You can even think of me by my first name," she laughed, then turning to her escort, she added, "I want you to meet my friend, Fred Fields."

"Say, I know you, don't I?" Bobby inquired.

"If you don't, you ought to," Fred replied. "I've been covering City Hall for the Star ever since you've been in office."

"City Hall—City Hall, I seem to remember hearing of such a place," Bobby mused.



"Do it again, I'll try to keep up with you," she declared, and they went into an extemporaneous rehearsal with the Mayor directing. (Posed by Lee Tracy and Evelyn Knapp)

to invite you to come to my place after the show?" he inquired.

"Could I relax there?" Bobby smiled. "I've got a special room for relaxing. It's known as my relaxery."

"All right, I'll come." So it was that Doree Dawn attended the Mayor's party after the show.

"You picked a great night to throw a party," Hymie, the Mayor's joy killer declared as he slouched in an arm chair plunged in black gloom. "Tomorrow you may be out of a job."

Bobby ignored him. "I don't like those flowers on the piano, Riley. Put them on the table." While the man removed the vase, the Mayor surveyed himself in the mirror. "That looks like a gray hair," he declared as he inspected his head.

Hymie was disgusted. "I ain't surprised. Any guy's hair turns white with the mess you're facin'."

Bobby pulled the hair and carefully blew it off his finger. "I gather you refer to our investigating friends?"

"You bet I do. If the Governor ever—"

Bobby threw up his hands. "I haven't done anything."

"That's their chief complaint. Now if you was to okay that appropriation for the duck pond they want—"

Bobby turned aghast with a cushion in his hand. "A duck pond?"

"Why it's ideal for one," Hymie thought the Mayor would listen.

"I had a date with Fred, so I brought him along," Doree explained.

"Fine," Bobby exclaimed cordially. "Let's get acquainted. You know the Star's never given me a good write-up yet! They've given me some bad write-ups in a nice way. Oh, Riley! Open up some of that Southern hospitality, and Fields, you'll find some food over on that table." Fields turned toward the repast and Bobby escorted Doree to the window where the expanse of the city was exposed. "Swell view, isn't it? A lot of bricks, a lot of lights, and a lot of souls."

"You should write lyrics."

"I do!"

"I love your apartment," Doree exclaimed.

"I'm more interested in your feelings about the guy that lives here."

She ignored his lead and continued to rave about the apartment, with the result that Bobby showed her about.

"I asked you here, so that we could get better acquainted," Bobby declared as they finished the tour of inspection.

"That's interesting. Do you do this often?"

"My first offense."

Fred interrupted the tete-a-tete to remind Doree of his presence by asking her to dance. Bobby was annoyed. He resolved to get rid of the pest, somehow.

An idea flashed into his mind and he ordered Riley to phone him from the floor below. Fred stood near as the call came.

Bobby answered. "Hello—Yes, this is the Mayor—Oh, hello, Nils—What's on your mind? Wait a minute, I can't hear you." He turned and called for the music to stop. "All right, Nils, go ahead. What! Tex shot in her night club?—Who did it? Have you got him? Notify the police and keep it out of the papers as long as you can." He hung up the receiver and turned to his guests. "All right, people, just an invitation to a party."

The music started and the guests resumed their dancing. Fred turned to Doree. "Did you hear that? We've got to leave now."

"We?" she asked in surprise.

Fred turned to the Mayor. "We're leaving."

"So soon?" Bobby asked as though he were much amazed.

"I've got to get some sleep. It's a little habit I got into years ago."

"Aw, that's too bad." He looked at Doree, his eyes invited her to stay.

"I don't have to worry about your habits," Doree retorted, indicating that she had no intention of leaving.

"Sorry you have to go, Fields," Bobby smiled.

"Can I talk with Doree alone?" asked the reporter.

"Sure. I believe in free speech, and a seat for every child in every school." He walked away and left the two alone.

"Get your things. I'll drop you off—"

Doree interrupted him. "Say, who's little whozis am I supposed to be? If you prefer covering a shooting to staying at a party I brought you to, that doesn't mean I have to leave."

"If you're the girl I'm going to marry—"

Again she broke in on him. "I never said so."

"That guy's on the make for you."

"I know how to take care of myself, Fred. Now don't behave like a kid—go nicely, if you must go."

"I hate the idea of leaving you

SWANSON ACCUSED OF TAX "FIXING"

Leader Of "Secret Six" Claims Prosecutor Pledged Aid

(Continued from page one)

him from speakeasy operators, this new attack just a week before election was considered of overwhelming political importance.

Albert Swanson, the state's attorney's brother, who is employed in the tax collection department of the state's attorney's office, was named by Colonel Randolph as head of the tax "fixing" racket, and Colonel Randolph asserted he took in \$650 to \$1,200 a week in bribes for distribution with his two accomplices.

here; in fact, I won't leave you here."

Doree could be as stubborn and determined as Fred. "And I won't leave with you," she declared. "I'm not your old paper."

"If I walk out that door without you, I'll consider it quits for us," Fred declared.

"If you want to be that childish, I'm not stopping you."

Fred was angry. "All right then—goodbye!" He strode out furiously, leaving Doree looking after him hesitantly.

Bobby came up to her. "I'll bet he said, 'Don't come back to me with a child in your arms.'"

Doree laughed. "Or words to that effect."

"Will you dance with me?" "A pleasure," Doree beamed, determined to teach Fred a few things.

As they started toward the music room, a voice came over the radio announcing, "Mayor Robert Kingston—"

"Present," Bobby called out and the voice continued.

(Continued Next Week)

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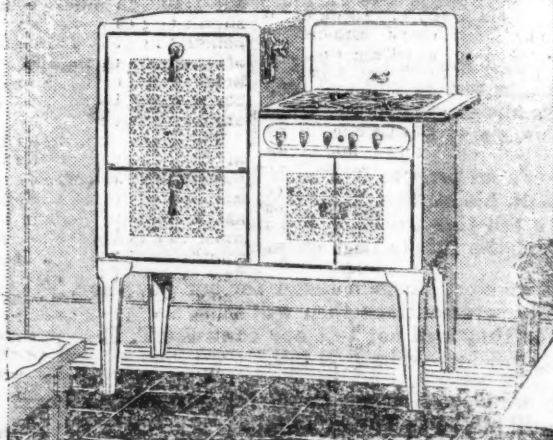
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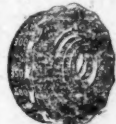
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